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THE  
ADVANTAGES  
OF  
REPENTANCE.

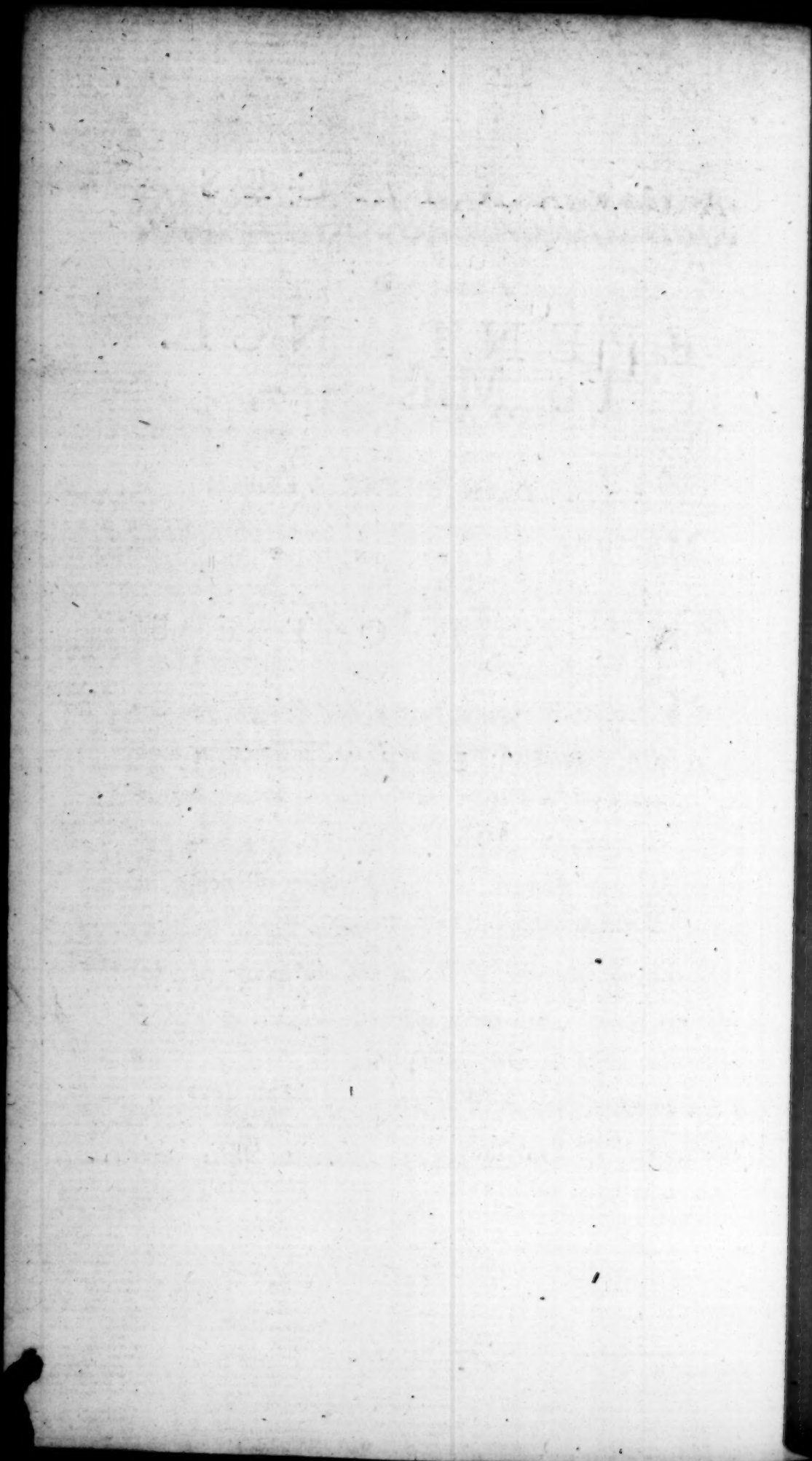
A MORAL TALE,  
ATTEMPTED IN BLANK VERSE;  
AND FOUNDED ON THE  
ANECDOTES  
OF A  
PRIVATE FAMILY  
In \*\*\*\*\*shire.

— MURDER, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous Organ.

*Shakespeare's HAMLET.*

L O N D O N:


PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY JOSEPH COOPER,  
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## To Miss ----.

MADAM,

HE extraordinary Particulars on which the following Poem is founded and the Means of their coming to my Knowledge, you are as perfectly acquainted with, as I am. Almost as soon as I conceived a Design of giving them a poetical Dress, I communicated it to you; and your kind Approbation was stamped on my Manner of doing it, when the first Hundred Lines were scarce finished. This Encouragement, if it did not enable me to execute my Scheme in a more masterly Manner, at least, it made me pursue it with greater Pleasure; and the Work I am confident, shews to much more Advantage by the Alterations it has undergone, resulting from your delicate

D E D I C A T I O N. vi

delicate Criticisms. To you, therefore, I consign it ;  
and beg it may remain a faithful (however unequal)  
Memorial, of the sincere Esteem, with which,

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your very affectionate Friend,

And obliged humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E-



# P R E F A C E.

AS the Author of the following Work does not presume either to support or deny the REALITY OF APPARITIONS, he chuses to decline all unnecessary Suggestions on a Subject, wherein every Person has a Right to enjoy his own Opinion undisturbed; and as it was conceiv'd with a View of Instruction, and the whole Tendency is moral and just, he hopes, with the Generality of Readers, to pass uncensur'd for treating them with so PECULIAR A STORY.

If there should remain any over-scrupulous, or over-witty Persons, who are inclined peremptorily to condemn, or iliberally to deride him, he begs Leave to answer them, with the Sentiments of Mr. ADDISON on such Subjects, and those of LUCRETIVS and JOSEPHUS, quoted by him, in the second Volume of his SPECTATOR.

“ I think a Person, who is thus terrified with the Imaginations of GHOSTS and SPECTRES, much more  
“ reasonable than one, who, contrary to the Reports of  
“ all Historians, sacred and profane, antient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the  
“ APPEARANCE OF SPIRITS fabulous and groundless.  
“ Could I not give myself up to this general Testimony of  
“ Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons, who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust  
“ in other Matters of Fact.”—

So

So far Mr. ADDISON's own Opinion—he then proceeds—


“ LUCRETIVS himself, tho', by the Course of his  
“ Philosophy, he was obliged to maintain that the Soul  
“ did not exist separate from the Body, makes no Doubt  
“ of the REALITY OF APPARITIONS, AND THAT  
“ MEN HAVE OFTEN APPEARED AFTER THEIR  
“ DEATH.”

And further having related, from JOSEPHUS, a Circumstance of this Kind, which befel GLAPHYRA, Daughter of ARCHELAUS, he closes his Discourse, thus : “ the Example deserves to be taken  
“ Notice of, as it contains a most certain Proof  
“ of the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, and of DIVINE  
“ PROVIDENCE.—If any Man thinks these Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion to himself;  
“ but let him not endeavour to disturb the Belief of  
“ others, who, by INSTANCES OF THIS NATURE, ARE  
“ EXCITED TO THE STUDY OF VIRTUE.”

To the Testimony of this excellent modern Writer, might likewise be added, the many striking Uses, which have been made, and noble Purposes of Justice, which have been effected, thro' the Means of such EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCES, by several of our ancient Poets, and particularly by that Honour to Nature and Genius, our own immortal SHAKESPEARE.



T H E  
A D V A N T A G E S  
O F  
R E P E N T A N C E.

 READFUL the Fate of him, whose harden'd  
Heart  
Remorse could never pierce! whose early Youth  
To Evil prone, hath drank the bitter Cup  
Of Guilt, regardless of the Poison Misery,  
Wherewith it is imbrued, till all his Veins  
Are fill'd and bloated with the dang'rous Venom,  
And Health and Ease are flown! mature in Life,  
Grown ripe in Wickedness, and swoln with Crimes,  
Who finds his Malady, yet dares refuse  
The sweet and wholsome Draught of Penitence  
Which the Mind's great Phyfician, Conscience,  
Even to the worst of Men will deign to offer.  
Him sleepless Nights, and loaded Days weigh down  
To Blackness, and Despair; to him Remembrance  
Is as a Fiend, that watches all his steps,  
Stands in his Path, and intercepts his Walk;  
Makes ev'n the rushing Wind alarm his Sense  
As if some Power, more than natural

B

Rode

## 2 THE ADVANTAGES

Rode off the Gale, while, at the Gloom of Eve,  
 From Room to Room, thro' all the House he flies,  
 Scar'd by Affright—and seeks, (alas! how vain!)  
 A Moments Peace. At length, deep-furrow'd Age,  
 The Herald of his dreadful End, appears  
 But to foretel the fatal Stroke, and ring  
 Loud Peals of Torment in his Ears.—he dies  
 Reluctant—screaming—fearing ev'n to lose  
 A Being, which he loaths—in his last Pang,  
 Vainly he rolls his struggling Eye-balls round,  
 To catch a single Ray, to cheer his Mind,  
 But all is dark and comfortless,—he dies.—

Not so the Man of Virtue—Youth to him  
 Is the fair Plain of Bliss; his riper Years  
 Are the deep Mines of Wisdom, whence he draws  
 Discretion, Temp'rance, and a thousand rich  
 Materials, to improve his after Hours  
 With Profit, and Delight; when Memory,  
 Clad like a guardian Spir't, a Chaplet brings  
 Rich with the Flow'rs, he cultur'd in his Youth,  
 And crowns his honest Brow.—Thence silver'd Age  
 Seems as the Treasury of hoarded Good,  
 Joys well preserv'd—and Death the blessed vale  
 Of Hope, and Expectation—the dear Path  
 To Happiness immortal—to his GOD.  
 Such was the state of SHENSTONE, virtuous Man,  
 ' Who walk'd thro' Goodness, as he walk'd thro' Life,'<sup>(a)</sup>  
 Whom

(a) See Visions in Verse, Page 73.



## OF REPENTANCE.

3

Whom the Muse lov'd, and ever will lament;  
 Fair Wisdom, Truth, and Sense of gen'rous Worth,  
 Sat comely on his Brow; within his Eye  
 Sweet Charity, and meek Humility,  
 Play'd lovely, and within his ample Heart  
 The Milk of human Kindness copious flow'd.  
 Thus blameless, fearless, with a graceful Smile  
 He met his Fate, and fought his native Skies.

Yet let not un-enlighten'd Minds suppose  
 No middle State between the Extremes of Vice  
 And Virtue;—Heav'n, who made, well knows his Creatures,  
 How weak, how frail; and if, perchance, awhile  
 (As in the best it may) incautious Youth  
 Hath suffer'd Truth and Constancy to slumber  
 Within the Breast, and, their best Guard, Discretion,  
 Deserts his Charge, or slackens in his Duty,  
 He looks with sorrowing Eye;—hear this, ye Rigid,  
 And if by happier Talents ye have gain'd  
 Perfection's Mount, at least, with Pity view,  
 With Mildness judge the Wretch, whom human Weak-  
     ness,  
 And venial Errors doom to lag beneath.

REPENTANCE is the Means, thro' Heaven's dear Grace,  
 Which from the blotted Sheet of Life can wipe  
 A thousand Errors; and the King of Heav'n  
 Hath Mercy and Compassion, more, I trust,  
 Than Man hath Pow'r of sinning. Hence, be warn'd,  
Ye



## 4 THE ADVANTAGES

Ye wicked Tribe! ne'er think the Hour too late,  
 The Crime too black, the Means of Grace too distant,  
 They cannot be, if true Remorse of Heart,  
 And Sorrow for the Crime, attends your Prayer;  
 However bad, betake ye to your Knees;  
 Think ye address your Counsellor, your Friend,  
 Your Father, who with Readiness of Love  
 Will raise, and comfort his repentant Child,  
 And lead him to the Mansions of Delight,  
 Reserv'd for such as love his holy Laws.  
 Nay, ev'n on Earth, or Time's recorded Page  
 Is sullied with Untruth, the Virtue, Penitence,  
 Hath met a large Reward.—Is there who doubts?  
 With candid Patience let him here peruse  
 The moral Tale, which in Expression weak,  
 And tuneless Numbers, I attempt to sing.

Thrice had the Sun renew'd his annual Course,  
 Since hapless EDWARD, on the sultry Plains  
 Of INDIA, had endur'd encreasing Woes,  
 And number'd all his Moments by Afflictions.  
 When the fourth Year began to store the Earth  
 With Fruits and Flow'rs, unlimited Expanse,  
 And Prodigality of Bounty, EDWARD  
 Arose one Morn, cheer'd by refreshing Sleep,  
 Which long had been a Stranger to his Bed.  
 His Heart was light within him, and his Eye  
 Look'd clear around; the Drops within his Breast,  
 Which lim'd his Soul to Guilt, seem'd purg'd away;  
He

He heav'd the soft'ning Sigh, and, as by Instinct,  
 Bent low to Heav'n—a Posture new to him!—  
 He did not pray—he knew not what to ask.—  
 While thus 'twixt Doubt and fore Dismay suspended,  
 Officious Mem'ry set before his View  
 An awful Register of sad Misdeeds;  
 He gaz'd astonish'd;—here a dow'rless Sister  
 Upbraided him, for leaving her, at large  
 To wander thro' a false and treacherous World,  
 Without a Brother's safe-conducting Hand.  
 There a weak Mother, fore-oppress'd with Age  
 And Poverty, let fall a sacred Drop,  
 And cried, “ Thus is it with me.”—Down he sunk,  
 And in a Torrent of religious Tears  
 Let loose the Fullness of his swelling Heart;  
 Wide, fast, and copious did they flow; as erst  
 The Streams forth delug'd from the harden'd Rock,  
 Touch'd, and resolv'd by MOSES' holy Wand.

His Pains a-while reliev'd, EDWARD aloud  
 Discharg'd his Grief;—“ Ah woe is me! thus tofs'd  
 “ Upon a foreign Shore, robb'd of Relief,  
 “ Of Hope; no sorrowing Sister to condole,  
 “ No Mother to advise! no more I boast  
 “ A feeling Friend, to share my nearest Woe,  
 “ And ease me of a Part; where is the Man,  
 “ Whom once I wrap'd close, close within my Heart,  
 “ And call'd his Soul my own?—he's lost—estrang'd—  
 “ And justly—since with rash misguided Step  
 “ I left

## 6 THE ADVANTAGES

“ I left a Parent comfortless ; a Sister  
 “ Friendless, and unprotected, whom my Labors  
 “ Might have preserv’d to better Fate, than now,  
 “ I fear, attends them. What have I attain’d  
 “ By one black Deed, one Moment’s cursed Work,  
 “ But Anguish and Despair? each slender Morsel  
 “ Earn’d by hard Labour, and each niggard Draught  
 “ Embitter’d by Distress ! Oh ! were that Morsel  
 “ The honest Meed of Virtue, and that Draught  
 “ The Pay of genuine Worth, how sweet, how grateful  
 “ But, as it is—how nauseous ! hence !—away !—  
 “ No more I’ll bear this Massacre of Life,  
 “ This Ruin of the Soul.—There is a Power,  
 “ Or Nature whispers to my Heart in vain,  
 “ Who can, and will restore me to myself.  
 “ To Him, to Him I bend—and here disclaim  
 “ The Vices of my Youth ; O ! could I wipe  
 “ Their Traces from my Mind !—that cannot be—  
 “ Amidst Transgressions huge and num’rous, ONE  
 “ Stands foremost, ne’er to be expung’d ; ONE CRIME,  
 “ Which even to myself I dare not name.  
 “ But if deep Sorrow, and sincere Remorse,  
 “ May ought avail to expiate the Sin,  
 “ ’Tis now within me, and shall there remain  
 “ The Tenant of my Bosom.—If my GOD,  
 “ (That Name ! how sweet it sounds upon my Ear !)  
 “ Deigns to accept my offer’d Penitence,  
 “ I yet may triumph o’er Distress ; I yet  
 “ May shield a Sister ; yet relieve a Mother ;

And

## OF REPENTANCE.

7

“ And, far as Mem’ry will admit, may cure  
“ My Mind’s wide Wounds, and chace her Throbs away.”

He spoke, and rose—then to his custom’d Task  
Flew nimbly, Gladness in his Eye, and Speed  
Play’d on his Feet ; no more the hard-earn’d Meal  
Seem’d tasteless, but, by quick Concoction, turn’d  
To florid Health, and Vigor, while the Draught  
Ran fresh within the Veins and quicken’d Life.  
He toil’d,—he prosper’d—every Moment gave  
Some large Addition to his Store, and Heav’n  
Indulgent smil’d on all he undertook.

Mean while his Mother, tender, good MARIA,  
On ALBION’S Isle left sorrowing, pin’d away  
In Anguish for a Son ; her only Stay  
In Life was lost ; her Daughter’s sole Defence ;  
Since torn from Fortune in their earlier Days,  
His Industry alone maintain’d the Pair.

Whene’er she ventur’d, all alone, to ope  
The Volume of her Mind, she saw him her’s,  
And lost, in one sad Moment—snatch’d away,  
As ’twere, by sudden Fate—one Hour the Board  
Smil’d at his Presence, on the next, was blank—  
And fruitless every Eye look’d forth for EDWARD.  
No Traces left of him ; his Course unknown,  
His Motives, his Distress.—In vain, Enquiry  
Panted on every various Wind to find him.

Thus



Thus o'er their Sorrows did this Couple brood,  
 And drank their falling Tears, when ghastly Poverty  
 Intruded, and with meagre, hungry Look  
 Appall'd each comely Visage; wide he strode,  
 And, with a horrid Joy, cry'd, "All is mine."

What Hope remains alas! for Worth distress'd,  
 And modest Want, unless some noble Being  
 Comes timely, like a Minister of Heav'n,  
 To succour and redress; in Largess wide,  
 To pour his Bounties, and prevent the Blush,  
 Ere yet it rises on the conscious Cheek  
 Of Merit, un-dispos'd, un-us'd to ask?

Such was MARIA's happy Lot! (ah! wou'd  
 The Sons of Fortune, oft'ner deign'd regard  
 The Claims of Worth distress'd (b) ' casting thereon  
 Their Superflux, and shewing Heav'n more just?")  
 Such was MARIA's Lot! for young HORATIO,  
 Who long had doated on fair ANNA's Charms,  
 Half wither'd in their Bloom, step'd forth, and ask'd  
 The Maiden of MARIA, ask'd her Hand  
 With humble Diffidence, as one, who held  
 Nought in his Pow'r to give, and all to beg;  
 Yet him the Luxury of Wealth enrich'd,  
 And plenteous Meads enclos'd. The Mother blush'd,  
 Blush'd for a dow'rless Daughter, and refus'd

The

(b) See Shakespeare's King Lear.



# OF REPENTANCE. 9

The Lover's ardent Suit—till well assur'd,  
That fond Affection long before had tied  
Their Hearts reciprocal, she gave her last,  
Her only Bliss away, pour'd forth her Blessings  
Profusely o'er the new-match'd Pair—then turn'd  
To seek the House of Poverty again,  
And mate with lonely Woe;—when thus the Youth

“ Much as I doat on ANNA's Worth, and live  
“ But in her Smile, a Something yet to Life  
“ Were wanting, if MARIA will not grace  
“ My Home. In earliest Youth, alas! I lost  
“ The Name of Son, the Blessing of a Parent;  
“ Nor could the ample Fortunes thence deriv'd,  
“ Requite me for that Loss; O! be it now  
“ Repair'd in thee! Be thou my Guardian! Parent!  
“ Be Witness to my Care, my Love of ANNA,  
“ And share our Happiness, my second Mother!”

He staid not for Reply—but hasty seiz'd  
Her Hand, half yielding, half reluctant; seiz'd,  
And led her to his Home; where every Moment  
Came wing'd with new Delight.—His Life to ANNA,  
Was all attentive Love; to good MARIA,  
All Rev'rence and Esteem; each Word had Ave,  
Each Look Respect, and ev'ry Favor Grace;  
He gave, as one who knew not that he gave,  
Or wist not what it meant. ANNA, enrich'd  
With all that Love or Fortune could bestow,

C

Was

10 THE ADVANTAGES

Was happiest of the Happy ; and the Mother  
 (Save when the Thought of EDWARD, hapless Youth)  
 Struck on her Mem'ry) felt a Smile return,  
 And Joy rekindle in her aged Heart.  
 Thus flew twelve Years on Pleasure's silken Wing,  
 And all was Comfort, Peace and Happiness.

Now had the banish'd Man, persisting still  
 In Penitence to Heav'n, and Love of Virtue,  
 Accumulated Wealth, beyond the Bounds  
 Of what his largest Hope display'd ; and yearn'd,  
 (Spite of the Fears that linger'd round his Heart)  
 With ardent Wish, to seek his native Clime ;  
 To see if ANNA's Youth was yielded up  
 A Prey to lawless Love ; if early Sorrow  
 Had nipt the Bud, and blasted all the Fruit ;  
 Whether again 'twere giv'n him to behold  
 A Mother's Face, to tend and chear her Age  
 With duteous Care and Love, or to bedew  
 Her sacred Manes with religious Tears.  
 This Lesson, had Repentance taught his Mind.

“ Let no weak Terrors for thyself withhold  
 “ Thy duteous Steps, or stop thy Bounty's Course ;  
 “ Thy Mother may survive, and want the Pittance,  
 “ Thou deal'st to ev'ry Stranger ; thou may'st now  
 “ Raise up her feeble Head, restore her Heart,  
 “ And brighten up her Eve of Life ; obey—  
 “ A Debt to Nature is a Debt to G O D.”

His

His Treasure safe on board, auspicious Winds  
Swell'd big the bellying Sails ; old Ocean boil'd  
Around the cleaving Keel ; so swift the Course,  
That Wind and Vessel seem'd throughout to vie  
In Vigour of Dispatch ; hence the fifth Moon,  
E'er quite her Course was done, (one April Morn,  
The Hills new ting'd with Gold) beheld him safe  
On English Ground ! Delight unspeakable  
To Hearts unknown to Vice ! The guileless Man,  
Whom Search of foreign Wealth provokes, or Care  
Of Merchandize incites, or (hapless State !)  
Disastrous War compels a while to leave  
His native Climate and Connections dear,  
At his long wish'd Return, regaining all,  
What Joys are his ! He stops, and, panting, asks  
His Heart, if all be true ; he seems new born,  
And drinks, in frequent Gasps of Happiness,  
Large Draughts of his own Air.—Not so poor EDWARD,  
Anxious Affright, and Doubt oppress his Heart,  
And stifle in its Birth the rising Transport.  
More Weight of Years, and Grief's deforming Hand,  
Had alter'd ev'ry Feature ; from his Visage  
The vacant Smile of dissipated Life  
And empty Joy was flown, while solid Sense,  
And comely Reason, and Discretion fair,  
Supply'd the Place ; ah ! unavailing all  
To chace his Fears !—Beneath a deep Disguise  
He veil'd each Trace of what he once appear'd,

Left

12 THE ADVANTAGES

Left when he saw (were such his happy Lot)  
 His aged Parent, strong Surprise might seize  
 Her palsied Nerves, and Nature quit her Hold.  
 The Dwelling, once familiar to his Foot,  
 With trembling, hasty Step, he seeks—Each Eye,  
 Each passing Glance alarms him; seems to cleave  
 His wounded Soul, and lay each Thinking bare.  
 The Threshold gain'd, while yet his shaking Hand  
 Begg'd for Admittance, prone he fell—o'erspent—  
 And to the kind Inhabitants, appear'd  
 A breathless Carse—With charitable Care  
 They rais'd him up, and, by Appliānce meet,  
 Quicken'd the Pulse, and bad it flow anew,

Reviv'd, and of his proper Course inform'd,  
 (O Blessings on each kindly-temper'd Heart,  
 That thus relieves the Stranger) on he hastens  
 To seek, while ev'ry conscious Fear return'd,  
 A Mother's Prefence. She, her earliest Meal  
 Dispatch'd, had totter'd forth, as was her Wont,  
 And gain'd her fav'rite Seat; where each new Morn  
 She gaz'd with new Delight, and in his Works  
 Ador'd the God of Nature, paid her Thanks  
 For Joys, so far beyond the Stretch of Hope,  
 Show'd on her Age, and with one pious Wish,  
 For EDWARD's Virtue and Return, concluded  
 Her daily Orison. For now her Mind,  
 By Time made pliant, had receiv'd the Stamp  
 Of that great necessary Means of Happiness,

Submission



Submission to her Fate—Thus flow'd her Hours  
Tranquil and smooth, as glides the Summer Lake;  
If chance a sudden Sigh a while deform'd  
Her sweet Serenity of Soul, 'twas slight,  
And momentary as the passing Breeze;  
For pure Religion cannot long desert  
Her willing Vot'ries, but repairs the Grace  
With added Lustre, as returning Suns  
Dispel the transient Gloom, and bid the Stream  
Again be smooth and clear.—Nigh where she sat,  
Was passion-tortur'd EDWARD doom'd to pass;  
Big with a thousand various Apprehensions,  
These Words alarm'd his Ear. “ And if he yet  
“ Survives, O be he worthy of thy Care,  
“ 'Tis all I beg.” He turn'd him to the Sound,  
And saw—what long he stopp'd not to survey,  
But on the Pinions of Distraction flew,  
Knelt and embrac'd, and wept upon a Mother  
Struck with Affright!—And “ Who art thou, she cried,  
“ That thus”—when as he press'd her trembling Knee  
With couchant Face, all bath'd in Drops of Shame,  
A Scar, which boyish Negligence had thrown  
Broad o'er his Neck, awoke Remembrance in her  
Too strong to bear—Scarce had she Power to say,  
“ Art thou indeed my long-lost Joy?” A Sigh  
Which shook, and all unnerv'd her aged Frame,  
Burst forth, and on the fav'rite Seat she dropp'd.  
Swift to his dutecous Care the Youth arose,  
And “ O forgive my desp'rate Haste, he cried,

Forgive



12 THE ADVANTAGES

"Forgive my Zeal, my Eagerness of Love;  
 "I meant at Leisure to disclose myself,  
 "But Nature would not let me."—Motionless  
 She still remain'd.—"And have I thus destroy'd  
 "My only Means of Bliss?—Forbid it Heav'n!—  
 "The dearest Purpose of my Life?" then ran  
 And call'd aloud for Aid, himself unfit,  
 Unknowing how to act.—Forth from the Portal  
 HORATIO, ANNA, and Domestics burst  
 Alarm'd, and haste instinctively to save  
 Their Mansion's Honour. From the neighb'ring Spring  
 They draw the dappy Means.—Once more her Eye  
 Beam'd on the Day, tho' faint; it stray'd around  
 With timid Glance, till on her EDWARD's Face  
 It rested full; then from the Seat she sprung,  
 As if returning Youth new-strung her Nerves,  
 And, in her Joy triumphant cry'd, "Behold him!  
 "More than I dar'd to ask, is now bestow'd  
 "I have a Son again;" then eager plung'd  
 Into his clasping Arms, and there remain'd,  
 Till fainting Nature had repair'd her Strength,  
 Resolving all her Burthen into Tears;  
 That sacred Dew, which Heav'n in Mercy, gave  
 To Loads of Anguish, or Excess of Joy.  
 Th' assistant Crowd stand speechless—motionless—  
 And, in each other's Eye, alternate seek,  
 And read the Cause of their Amaze; till EDWARD  
 (His pious Mother having sought Relief,  
 On the same Seat, where late she lifeless lay,

From

From Passions which too exquisitely press'd  
 Her shatter'd Frame) ran, frantic in his Joy,  
 To ANNA, to HORATIO; o'er and o'er  
 He seiz'd them, and, in Wildness of Embrace,  
 Seem'd to devour their Loves.—On ev'ry Visage,  
 Well as he could, he cast a Look—when lo!  
 Against a mourning Cypress, PHILIP old,  
 Lean'd to support his Weight of Joy—a Man  
 Of more than fourscore Years—whom EDWARD's Father,  
 From Infancy had rear'd; their Tempers, Customs,  
 And Sentiments alike—Hence Counsellor,  
 Not Steward, was he call'd—oft had he giv'n  
 Advice, clear, just, and wholesome to our Youth,  
 When early Joys, and mad Pursuits seduc'd him,  
 Which when he found neglected and despis'd,  
 Frequent he rais'd a bitter Sigh, and said,  
 “ My good old Master, happy, happy thou,  
 “ Whom the dark Tomb enclos'd ere this thou saw'st !”  
 Soon as the Eye of EDWARD caught his Form,  
 And own'd his rev'rend Locks, Confusion stopp'd  
 The Purport of his Tongue; his Heart was full;  
 But on his Knee dropp'd sudden, he breath'd forth,  
 From fervent Heart, a thousand, thousand Blessings,  
 Silent, tho' not in-eloquent.—He long'd  
 To ask, how he had weather'd out the Storm  
 Of Want and Sorrow; which the Elder reading  
 In his enquiring Eye, thus spake.—“ I live  
 “ To see thy Face once more, thou comely Copy  
 “ Of my old Master !—Know, that righteous Power,  
 “ Who

16 THE ADVANTAGES

" Who saw my Truth, and Gratitude to him,  
 " Rais'd me another Guardian in HORATIO ;  
 " Since thy Departure, by his Bounty fed,  
 " I've seen thy Father's Virtues all renew'd,  
 " His Grace, as well as Love of doing Good,  
 " And liv'd o'er Life again ; my Joy's so full  
 " By this last Gift, what have I now to do,  
 " But bless my G O D, and die ?"—" To live, to live,  
 " Exclaim'd the Youth, and see an alter'd Man"—  
 Then rose and clasp'd him—more he would have said,  
 When a kind Summons from their Host, who late  
 Retir'd with his Domesticks, and prepar'd  
 The genial Board, (while ANNA tended duteous  
 On her MARIA) warn'd them in—he turn'd,  
 And help'd to raise a Mother—she (supported  
 On either Hand) betwixt her Children mov'd,  
 Not meanly proud of two such Props ; now one,  
 Now ey'd the other, and with graceful Joy  
 Enter'd the House.—Old PHILIP follow'd weeping.

Around the social Board, profusely spread,  
 Raptur'd they take their several Seats ; but short,  
 And tasteless was the Meal ; fond Recollection,  
 How long they hopeless languish'd for so dear  
 An Interview, subdu'd e'en Nature's Claim  
 Of sweet Refreshment. Incoherent Phrase,  
 Short Sighs, and Interchange of softest Look,  
 That teem'd with all the Fulness of Affection,  
 Supply'd the Place.—While now the genial Glass,  
Crown

Crown of the Meal, went round, their honest Host,  
 Extravagantly glad, contriv'd new Joys  
 To grace the coming Time, bade Night descend  
 Copious in Mirth, with all that Music's Pow'r,  
 Or festive Dance cou'd add, to cheer the Soul,  
 And make the Hours look gay. Thus far abroad  
 His Fancy flew for fresh and rare Delights,  
 To form a Life of Bliss—when EDWARD thus—  
 “ Dear by each Tye of infant Friendship, dear  
 “ By gen'rous Love, and Soul beneficent,  
 “ Who hast, with pious Care, reliev'd, and cheer'd  
 “ Hearts dearer than my own—I know not how  
 “ To speak my Gratitude—yet oh! permit  
 “ That, for one Night, the Revel be suspended ;  
 “ And let, oh ! let the present Hours attest  
 “ My Piety of Joy! with liberal Alms,  
 “ That dearest Sacrifice to gracious Heav'n,  
 “ Be mark'd the Day, which, on its due Return,  
 “ Yearly I mean to hallow. New deliver'd  
 “ From galling Bonds of Vice, and thus restor'd  
 “ To ev'ry Comfort, ev'ry great Enjoyment,  
 “ That faultless Virtue cou'd alone expect,  
 “ What can I less? or how look up to Heaven,  
 “ Begging a kind Continuance of his Smile,  
 “ With such a Faith, as in that Moment, when  
 “ O'er Misery and Age I pour my Soul,  
 “ In Floods of Charity? This Day exempt  
 “ From ev'ry other Work, this single Day,  
 “ Each Hour of Life beside, I consecrate

D

“ To



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“ To filial Love and Friendship.”—“ Be it so.  
 “ Return’d *MORATIO*, and unite we all  
 “ In this thy truly charitable Task !”

Hence Converse sweet, instructive, pious, grateful,  
 Full of the Grace of Providence to Man,  
 His wond’rous Power, and Will to (a) “ scatter Good,  
 “ As in a Waste of Bounty,” cheer’d the Soul,  
 Till ruddy Eve, with golden Ray bedeck’d,  
 Descended lovely, and around her threw  
 Her Beauties wide and lavish ; Vallies smil’d ;  
 The Breeze flew light ; more clear and smooth the Stream ;  
 Proud were the Hills ; with more than wonted Fragrance  
 Each Flow’r enrich’d the Gale ; in livelier Notes  
 Birds fill’d the Air ; as Nature’s Self were glad  
 To view th’ approaching Scene—for now the Portal  
 Capacious stretch’d, to admit a wretched Throng,  
 Call’d from th’ adjacent Town (well-known to those  
 Who steer direct o’er ————’s furze-blown Heath)  
 With pious Care and Speed, and each sad Object  
 Encounter’d on the Way ; by various Woes  
 And various Wants, reduced to drag with Pain  
 A living Death ;—each ghastly Form was there,  
 That Poverty, from out her rueful Cave,  
 Herself cou’d draw, to hurt the Eye of Man,  
 And wound the pitying Breast—decrepid Age  
 Bent underneath its Load—sad Widowhood,  
 With sunken Eye, and deep entrenched Feature,  
 Pin’d inly—tender orphan Eyes were wash’d

In

(a) See Congreve’s *Mourning Bride*.



In early Drops—and forrowing Fathers mourn'd  
Their Infants, by the Gripe of meagre Famine  
Snatch'd newly. Lo! beneath the sacred Roof  
No Eye, no Hand, no Heart was unemploy'd ;  
All, all united in the virtuous Task,  
To chace distress, or bid Affliction smile,  
And saw their fair Endeavours well repaid.  
Age bloom'd afresh—here widow'd Breasts were cheer'd,  
And sung with Gratitude—there Children wip'd  
Their Eyes, and fed.—Transported EDWARD seem'd  
On ev'ry Side, at once ; from ev'ry Object  
Drew new Delight—(of Food, and Alms, his Largess  
So quick, so copious, that the ravish'd Taker  
Was scant of Pow'r to catch the lib'ral Blessing,  
Ere fall'n to Earth.) Then took the Goblet large,  
And to the thirsty Soul gave Draughts of Bliss  
Immeasurable ; while the rest apart  
New Stores accumulate , therewith compleating  
Such sacred Rites, as, here and there, the Youth,  
Thro' fervent Duty, and religious Haste,  
“ Left (a) needy Eyes shou'd tarry long,” had lett  
Unfinish'd.—Thus employ'd, before him stood,  
Unseen till now, a terrifying Form !  
Within the haggard Face, distracted Fear,  
And writhing Pain, and agonizing Grief,  
Had struck their Talons deep ; the bushy Locks  
With crimson Streams were clotted, and uprear'd ;  
From hollow Eye look'd forth reproachful Sorrow

And

(b) See Ecclesiasticus, Chap. iv.

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And damp'd the pious Joy, so newly born  
In EDWARD'S Heart; his Glow of Blood forsook  
His Cheek; while cold, and clammy o'er his Brow  
Big Drops were spread; his Nerves unstrung, the Cup  
Fell from his feeble Grasp; a Statue He  
Of wild Amazement, while within his Ears  
(Almost the only Sense which now remain'd)  
These Heart-aftounding Accents hideous rung.

“ Not for myself do I approach thee, Youth,  
“ Or beg thy Charity—but for a Wife,  
“ And two poor Children, who, for more than twelve  
“ Long Years, have linger'd out their Days in Want.  
“ While Strength was theirs, they eat the hard-earn'd  
“ Morsel,  
“ And drank the passing Stream; now deadly Sicknefs  
“ So sore oppresses them, scarce can they raise  
“ Their worn-out Limbs from Earth.—Oh! if thou hast  
“ One Crime, which, more than all the rest, sits heavy  
“ Within thy Breast, and hop'ft, at thy last Hour,  
“ That Crime should be forgiven—follow me.”—

As by a Pow'r from Heav'n impell'd, the Youth  
Flew forth, and follow'd; by HORATIO'S Eye  
Alone observ'd, who trac'd his frantic Steps;  
Which, till they reach'd the venerable Relicks  
Of an old ruin'd Convent, rested not.—  
There, westward of the gloomy Grove, which gave  
A distant, solemn Prospect to the Pile,

Beneath

Beneath the mould'ring Fabric's awful Height,  
The Form, which thus had drawn th' affrighted Youth,  
Darting an Eye of Rigour, cried, "Redress,"  
And vanish'd from his Sight.—Awhile he stood,  
As one just waken'd from a Trance, and roll'd  
His Eye-balls wildly round, big with Surprise  
And Horror!—till HORATIO, fore-alarm'd,  
Left, smote by Frenzy strange, imperial Reason  
Were from her Throne remov'd, seiz'd quick his Hand,  
Assaying to recall his Sense;—in vain—  
Eager and loud he cries, "Where is he? Speak!  
"I cou'd not be deceiv'd—my Eye—my Heart,  
"In dreadful Sympathy, acknowledg'd him;  
"The Wound was fresh again, the fatal Gash  
"How wide it yawn'd for Vengeance! the red Stream  
"Again it boil'd, and, with unrighteous Stain,  
"Crimson'd the golden Locks!—Redress thee!—ay,  
"Or may my Woes ne'er cease! the Hand, that smote,  
"This Moment shall revenge thee!"—From his Gripe,  
(No quick nor easy task) HORATIO wrench'd,  
And threw the desp'rate Weapon far—then forc'd  
Th' enfeebld Victim of Despair to press  
The ragged Flint, while he, by ev'ry Art,  
That Friendship could suggest, by Look, by Speech,  
By Pray'r, and pious Tears, assay'd to calm  
The Tempest in his Mind; full well he saw  
Some Pow'r, superior far to idle Fancy,  
Assail'd the shatter'd Brain. From EDWARD's Eye

At

At length burst forth a sympathetic Flood,  
And, in dis-jointed Accents, thus he spoke :

“ Thou should’st not be a Stranger here—forgive,  
“ Forgive a Man, just sunk in Misery !  
“ But I’ll atone it ;—yes, belov’d HORATIO,  
“ Fast as my Heart permits, I’ll tell thee all ;  
“ Know then, the dreadful Cause (to mortal Breast  
“ Yet unreveal’d, and by thy Truth, thy Love,  
“ Thy Hope of future Blessings, I conjure thee,  
“ From ev’ry other Ear preserve it close)  
“ Of my Removal from my native Shore,  
“ My Friends—my Duty—then, when boiling Youth  
“ Ran madly thro’ my Veins (too well thou know’st  
“ The fatal time) was *this* (Oh Guilt !—I tremble  
“ To give it Utt’rance—) know, I carried with me  
“ A Conscience black with MURDER !—hast thou Ear  
“ For more, or shall I stop ?—One fatal Eve,  
“ The Sun, as now, had just retir’d, (afraid  
“ To view the Deed) with rash, and coward Hand,  
“ (Swill’d hot with Wine, and fir’d by frantic Rage,  
“ At some slight Breath) I smote a surly Hind—  
“ Smote him—and Life was gone—I fondly hop’d  
“ That Penitence, which deep within my Heart  
“ Pour’d its soft Balm, had cur’d the rankling Sore,  
“ And bade my Mind be still.—My Hope was vain !  
“ ’Tis not for me to know Repose ; ev’n now  
“ The Form was with me ; nay, it liv’d, it look’d  
“ It spoke—exact the same with that, my Memory

“ Bears



- “ Bears, and will ever bear !—what might this mean?  
“ Calls it not loud for Vengeance ? Shou’d I not  
“ Submit me willing to the Law, and pay  
“ The Price of Blood with Blood ?—Nay, speak in  
“ Mercy.”

Silent and fixt they sat, and pious Grief  
With pious Grief engag’d ; their levell’d Eyes  
Smote, and transfix’d each other—Soul with Soul  
Convers’d, and Speech was usefess.—When a Yell  
Of Woe, which cleft alike their Ears, and Hearts,  
Awoke them—round the ruin’d Walls (which long  
Retain’d, and to each other rattled shrill  
The piercing Sound) they trembling seek the Cause,  
’Tis found.—Within a clammy, clay-built Hut,  
(Which, for Support, clung to the solemn Stone)  
(With Sticks and Straws o’erlaid, whose scant enclosure  
Receiv’d each Gust of th’ ever-shifting Wind,  
Yielded to ev’ry falling Flint, and drank  
Each drenching Shower) a Form, with pallid Want  
And Misery o’erspread, lay stretch’d on Earth,  
And seem’d, as in that Moment, Life had left  
Her wretched Mansion ; of Attire so bare,  
’Twas Misery’s sad Emblem !—EDWARD knelt—  
And, while his Heart ran o’er with Pity, rais’d  
The dying Frame—then clasp’d within his Bosom,  
To kindle Warmth, and sooth back wand’ring Breath ;  
Supplying thus, with charitable Care,  
The sacred Task of two enfeebled Children,  
Who, in their slender Arms, had long sustain’d

That

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 Who, in their slender Arms, had long sustain’d

That

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That Load of Anguish; but worn out, at last,  
Despoil'd of all their Strength, perforce, they gave  
Their Burthen to the Ground, and, in that Cry  
Of mad Despair, instinctive seem'd to ask  
From Heaven that aid, they cou'd no longer give.

With dubious Aspect EDWARD eyes his Charge—  
Now thinks a faintish Flush be-tints the Cheek;  
Now seems the Lid, with weak Assay, to court  
A Ray of Light; and now, within the Bosom,  
Deep seems the struggling Breath to sob—but all  
So short, and so imperfect, that his Hopes  
Die, ere they well are born.—Just then HORATIO  
(Who in that very Moment, when the Scene  
First met his Eye, on Mercy's Wings, had flown  
To the next neighb'ring Cottage) came supply'd  
With Food and cordial Bev'rage; wholesome Wines,  
Such as the Birch or Cowslip's yellow Leaf,  
Yields to the dextrous Housewife's Art;—o'erjoy'd  
EDWARD beholds; and, with united Care,  
Between them they support the famish'd Wretch;  
Dealing with prudent, not with niggard Hand,  
Scanty and slow Relief, by soft Degrees  
Solliciting the coy Return of Life.  
During their Task (O Man! how graceful thou  
In such befitting Offices engaged!)  
The elder Girl, on whom some fourteen Years  
Had set their goodly Mark, thus answer'd sweet  
HORATIO's earnest Questions.—“ 'Tis indeed

“ My



" My Mother, Sir ; my good, my loving Mother,  
 " Who from the little, that her Labour earn'd,  
 " Gave us the largest Share—stinting herself  
 " To feed her Children—Illness now has long  
 " Made her unfit to labour, and the Bounty  
 " Of charitable Passengers has been  
 " Our only Means of living.—Oftentimes,  
 " When in the Height of Poverty and Pain,  
 " I've heard her wish to die, and say her Heart  
 " Was dead long, long ago, and, weeping sore,  
 " Has oft related all the dismal Cause—  
 " That when she went with Child, and was far gone,  
 " Of my young Sister, Sir, who stands beside you,  
 " (There's but two Years between us) one sad Night,  
 " Expecting my poor Father to his Supper,  
 " From Ev'ning Work, he was brought to her murder'd,  
 " His Head and Face all over Blood—by whom  
 " 'Twas done, she never knew." The Friends, at once,  
 From burning Cheeks, and Fire-emitting Eyes,  
 Flash'd Wonder on each other ; EDWARD starting,  
 Forgot his Charge, and to a Place remote  
 Flew, to assuage the Fulness of his Mind.

Now the tough Father of the bounteous Cot,  
 Whence good HORATIO brought the timely Food,  
 (The Ev'ning Duties of his Farm discharg'd)  
 Returning with the Guardian of his Door,  
 His honest Mastiff, seeks his homely Board,  
 With Nature's plain and wholesome Diet crown'd ;

E

Where

Where with his Wife, his Children, and Domestics,  
 He went to share the social Hour, to hear  
 The waggish Joak, and join the Shout of Mirth;  
 Or with Delight repeat their Labors past,  
 Re-tread their Paths along the Pasture fair,  
 Re-mount the sloping Hill, review with Glee,  
 Thro' Fancy's magic Glass, the rising Grain;  
 And thus, in Nature's honest Feelings, pay  
 The God of Harvest not unwelcome Praise.  
 Scarce was HORATIO gone, when he arriv'd—  
 (HORATIO, Lord of ev'ry flow'ry Lawn,  
 Each fertile Mead, and deep-embow'ring Grove,  
 For many Miles around—HORATIO, Friend  
 To the Distress'd, and Father of the Poor;  
 The Tenant's Pride and Fav'rite!) from his Dame  
 The toiling Rustic learns the strange Event,  
 The Place, the pressing Cause—Deserts his Meal,  
 And Hour of Mirth, and with his jolly Sons,  
 Three sturdy sun-burn'd Lads, goes forth in Haste,  
 To seek the Presence of his much-lov'd Lord,  
 And proffer honest Aid, in homespun Phrase.

Weak Nature now, in some Degree, repair'd,  
 And vital Sense, and quick'ning Warmth restor'd,  
 To them HORATIO glad resigns his Charge;  
 Intreating, with religious Care, their Home  
 Might take the Strangers in, and feed their Wants,  
 Till he resum'd the Task; then seeks his Friend,  
 Around the venerable Walls—where fix'd,

And

And silent, he surprises him, with Hands  
 Still clasp'd, tho' fall'n, and Heav'n-ward swelling Eyes,  
 That teem'd with holy Wonder—"Gracious God!"  
 Was all the raptur'd Man could say;—HORATIO,  
 Wistful how much he felt, with meek Deport  
 Engag'd his Arm, then with assuasive Speech,  
 Strengthen'd by Reason, born of righteous Zeal,  
 Pour'd Balm into his Soul, as he beguil'd  
 His wayward Steps to seek their friendly Home.

" 'Tis as thy Soul divines—nay seek no more  
 " That wretched Form—all thy fond Soul could ask  
 " To gratify the present Wish, is done—  
 " Harbour, and Rest, and peaceful Bread is her's.  
 " From her own Mouth, when Power of Speech, at last,  
 " Tho' weak, return'd, I gain'd un-erring Proofs.—  
 " With Temper hear, and as thou hear'st, adore  
 " The wonder-working Hand (for such I deem it!)  
 " Which led thee thro' the Maze of this great Day;  
 " Then to thy Adoration join, with me,  
 " This firm Belief, that from thy LIFE alone  
 " Redress is claim'd—No more, by impious Stroke,  
 " Or rash Resolve, reduce thy Date of Years,  
 " But patient wait till Providence demands thee!  
 " Oh! (c) tarry thou his Leisure! if aright  
 " I judge, (and not presumptuous be it held!)  
 " He hath not cast thee off, nor holds thy Deed,  
 " Tho' foul, inexpiable—he regards,  
 " With Mercy's Eye, I trust, the erring Hand

" Of

(c) See the Psalms

" Of Youth, and Rage—and fees, thy Heart explor'd,  
 " No Love of Guilt, no black Intention there.  
 " What Voice but His could call ? why interrupt  
 " The pious Office, which engag'd thy Soul ?  
 " Doth it not seem to say—Behold I shew  
 " A greater Duty far, a nearer Claim  
 " Upon thy Charity, which undischarg'd,  
 " The rest avail thee lightly ?—Oh ! pursue  
 " The wond'rous Track, obey the great Command,  
 " And all may yet be well."—" Thou best of Friends,"  
 EDWARD return'd (with soften'd Heart, and Speech,  
 And Eyes, that melted in Affection's Dew)  
 " Thy Breath is Comfort to my Heart ; thy Words,  
 " With all Conviction's Force, assail my Sense ;  
 " To this great Duty will I dedicate  
 " My future Hours, and leave the rest to Heav'n ;  
 " And if He hath not wholly cast me off,  
 " Nor holds my Crime, tho' foul, inexpressible,  
 " May I, when I neglect this earthly Task,  
 " His purpos'd Mercy forfeit !"—Mild Discourse  
 Thus sooths, and cheers their Hearts reciprocal,  
 Till in their Sight the dear Abode appears.  
 Where the forsaken Family (surmising  
 Some distant Act of Goodness call'd the Friends,  
 With Grace united, forth) compleated well  
 The righteous Work at Home, and, ere they sent  
 The Guests rejoicing forth, furcharg'd with Stores,  
 They bless'd the Day, and bad its due Return  
 With annual Rites of Charity be hallow'd.  
 EDWARD, un-suited now to any Converse

But



But that of his own Mind, requests his Friend  
To gloze his Absence with some fair Excuse,  
And to his Chamber calm and clear retires.

The Chamber gain'd, with Care, and anxious Haste,  
The Door he clos'd, forbidding e'en a Breath  
Of transient Air shou'd interrupt his Thought.  
Beside his Couch, in Zeal precipitate,  
Plunging upon his Knees, " Almighty Father,  
" (If yet by that dear Name I dare invoke thee)  
" Beam from thy Throne of Mercy one kind Ray  
" Of Comfort on my Breast, and teach my Heart,  
" How, in my Conduct, I may best attone  
" My former Guilt, and, in my Hours to come,  
" Deserve thy gracious Care—to all, that may  
" Find Favour in thy Sight, far as I know,  
" I here devote me—ev'ry Morn and Eve  
" My Heart shall duly seek thee—duly praise  
" Thy wond'rous Pow'r, Beneficence and Mercy ;  
" No Day unmark'd by Charity shall pass ;  
" But chief th' Unhappy, whom my fatal Hand,  
" By one dire Act, (Oh ! Pardon ! Pardon ! Pardon !)  
" Made poor and widow'd—she shall never know  
" A Care, while Life remains, if I have Power  
" To chace it from her Breast—my Fortune's Stream  
" Shall flow unbounded o'er her Wants, and feed  
" Her wither'd Heart with Plenty—to her Children  
" I'll be another Father in my Love ;  
" And, if thy Goodness, oh my G O D, permit  
" A Length of Days, for this my pious Purpose,  
" My Gratitude shall bless thee ;—if denied,

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“ Right-willing I submit—in ev’ry Thing  
 “ Be prais’d thy Justice, and thy Will be done !”

Heart-eas’d he rose ;—then to his Pillow quick  
 Repairs, and coming Night (whose thicken’d Gloom  
 He wont not to behold without Dismay,  
 Reluctant Horror, each Alarm of Soul,  
 That Apprehension breeds in conscious Guilt,)  
 With earnest Suit, he now invokes, in Sleep  
 To shed Relief on his much harass’d sense.  
 His Suit was heard ; and Sleep, on downy Plumes  
 Descending soft, envelop’d all the Man.  
 When to his mental Eye the very Phantom,  
 Which all so late disturb’d his inmost Soul,  
 Once more appear’d, but clad in other Guise.  
 In the late haggard Face distracted Fear,  
 And writhing Pain, and agonizing Grief,  
 No more were seen ; no more the bushy Locks  
 With crimson Drops were clotted and uprear’d.  
 Each placid Feature seem’d by gentle Peace  
 Becalm’d, and Satisfaction’s sweetest Smile  
 Beam’d lovely ; soft Content, in meek Array,  
 Dwelt on the Brow, and decent lay the Locks.  
 So mild the Form, Tranquility therein  
 Seem’d to have fix’d her Residence entire,  
 Immoveable, eternal.—Thus it spake,  
 While Drops of Comfort, from each sacred Breath,  
 Melted on EDWARD’S Heart, as kindly Dews,  
 From Heav’n descending soft on new born Flowers.  
 “ Repentant Soul, sleep now a quiet Sleep !  
 “ My Pray’r is heard, my Wishes are accomplish’d ;  
 “ Thou now has made a full Redress—awake

“ To



“ To Care and Grief no more ; henceforth be Guilt,  
“ And Pain, and Sorrow, Strangers to thy Breast,  
“ But Peace, with all her Train, inhabit there,  
“ And Pleasure strew thy Paths ! thro’ mortal Life,  
“ Safe be thy Course, and long ! smooth be the Bed  
“ Of Death, and fairest Gleams of op’ning Bliss  
“ Shine on thy parting Spirit ! since REPENTANCE  
“ In never-failing Streams hath wash’d away  
“ The Stains of Guilt, and well thou hast discharg’d  
“ Thy Debt to JUSTICE, CHARITY and GOD !

So spake the Form benign ; nor seem’d to leave  
The blessed Couch, till Morn, with rosy Hand,  
Expanded full the golden Gates of Light.

Refresh’d, and full of Gladness, EDWARD rose ;  
First wafted grateful Praise, with holy Zeal,  
Then sought, in haste, his Friend ; and o’er, and o’er,  
Revolv’d, and re-possess’d the Vision fair,

With Wonder and Delight ; each greeting Eye  
He met with Transport new ; the Name of Son  
He long enjoy’d ; and, from that Hour, awoke  
To Care and Grief no more ; thenceforth were Guilt,  
And Pain and Sorrow, Strangers to his Breast ;  
Peace, with her lovely Train, resided there,  
And Pleasure strew’d his Paths ; thro’ mortal Life  
Safe was his Course and long ; smooth was the Bed  
Of Death, and fairest Gleams of op’ning Bliss  
Shone on his parting Spirit ;—for REPENTANCE,  
In never-failing Streams, had wash’d away  
The Stains of Guilt ; and well he had discharg’d  
His Debt to JUSTICE, CHARITY and GOD.

F I N I S.

